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MOUNT VERNON,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

HARVEY RICE.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

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MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON.

On yonder swelling height,
With ivied oaks and cedars crowned,
Where Freedom's banner floats in light,
And every whispering sound
Breathes of the past, 'tis consecrated ground![1]

Pilgrim! ascend the steep,
And there, with true and feeling heart,
On Vernon's brow deep silence keep;
Ay, let the tear-drop start,
While proud, yet hallowed thoughts a balm impart!

Nature hath marked the spot,
Where sleeps the great, the good, the wise,
Entombed — yet ne'er to be forgot —
Ah, there the Hero lies!
The man of mighty deeds and high emprise.

A calm hill-side retreat,
That's mirrored in Potomac's tide;
The spot he chose, at Vernon's seat,
'Mid wild-flowers, scattered wide,
And pleasant groves that wave in native pride.

Though but a lowly shrine,[2]
There grateful hearts delight to pay
Homage to Freedom's son divine;
The mightiest in the fray,
The mightiest in his country's darkest day!

True worth like his, disdains
The marble's proud emblazoned chart,
And trusts to lore which still remains
Engraved upon the heart,
When crumbling fall the monuments of Art.

But turn where peers the Hall,[3]
In which the Chieftain dwelt of yore,
And view, still gleaming on the wall,
The armor which he wore,
With belt and plume, and sabre stained with gore!

And with the memories dim
Which gather round that sacred hearth,
Recall the lessons taught by him,
Whose manhood graced the earth,
And blessed her sons, and gave a Nation birth.

The Patriot calm, yet bold,
Whose glorious deeds will ever shed
Renown upon those days of old,
When he to battle led
The stern and true, who bravely fought and bled.

'Twas then, in councils grave,
That statesmen, noblest of the Land,
Their solemn pledge to Freedom gave,
Her Franklins, Henrys, and
Her Sage of Monticello—heart and hand!

But still—still let us not,
Amid these scenes and quiet charms,
Forget the memories of the spot,
Which filial love embalms;
Nor yield our cherished hopes to wild alarms.

How oft with placid eye,
Has he, whose spirit awes us still,
Stood where we stand, and viewed the sky,
The river, vale and hill,
And heard the forest-bird its anthem trill.

And down the vale that sweeps
In graceful curves to ocean's tide,
How calm the bridal landscape sleeps,
While zephyrs playful glide,
Fanning the flowers, and kissing them beside!

And dim in distance rise,
Like sentinels to guard the scene,
Majestic hills, 'neath genial skies,
With pleasant vales between,
Where beauty cradled wears a smile serene.

In all her wide domain,
Say, where has Nature lavished more
To please the eye, the heart to gain,
Or win the affections o'er,
Than here upon Potomac's peaceful shore?

'Twas here, retired, he sought
A tranquil life, to love endeared;
He who the stern resolve had wrought,
In days of gloom uncheered,
To strike for Human Rights, though traitors sneered!

When erst the Hero drew
His battle-blade amid the wild,
Braddock, with English blood, 'tis true,
Spurned him as but a child,
Yet rashly fell with many a victim piled.

Nor dreamed the world as yet,
That glittering on a stripling's breast,
The "star of empire" had been set;
Nor dreamed, as yet, the opprest,
How soon that rising star would cheer the West.

When Freedom's spirit woke,
And blood at Lexington had flowed,
Brave men flung off at once the yoke,
The allegiance which they owed,
And flew to arms with zeal that fervent glowed.

From mountain, hill, and glen,
Like torrents rushed the sons of toil;
Indignant, yet high-minded men,
Defenders of the soil,
Whose sturdy blows the oppressor could not foil.

Proud Mistress of the Sea!
They taught thee, sure, a lesson wise,
Who o'erboard cast rich freights of tea
Before thy wondering eyes,
And dared thy royal stamp and tax despise.

Though darker grew the day,
"A day that tried," as if by fire,
"Men's souls," yet heroes led the way,
Fearless of Britain's ire,
With solemn vow to triumph — or expire!

Musing, methinks I hear
The Chieftain's voice, the foeman's tread,
And shout of men who knew no fear,
Onward to victory led,
Our brave old sires, with Freedom's banner spread.

Beneath a wintry sky,
At Trenton, in that glorious fight,
O list the bold triumphant cry
Of Liberty and Right,
Flung back from hill to hill with wild delight!

Born with a god-like mind,
And generous heart, he was the one
Ordained of Heaven to bless mankind,
Columbia's noblest son,
The pride of earth, the immortal Washington!

Sternly he led the van,
The Champion of his country's cause,
Sworn to defend the rights of man,
His country and her laws,
Against a sway that half the world o'erawes.

'Twas he — and he alone —
Whose skill could guide the banded few,
The few who shook a monarch's throne,
Patriots, sore tried, but true;
Those iron men, who swept the foe like dew.

And well they earned their fame,
Who fixed on Freedom's star their gaze,
And fought and bled in Freedom's name,
And, 'mid the battle's blaze,
Bore off the palm in those heroic days.—

Cornwallis! still thy shade
Bewails, I ween, the fated hour
That saw thee yield thy valiant blade
A prize to sterner power,
With spirit bowed, till then, untaught to cower!

Nor sought he self-renown,
Who scourged the foe and held the sway;
But now, from proffered kingly crown,
With scorn he turned away,[5]
And moral virtue hailed her proudest day.

Yet his were honors high—
The highest which the world bestows;
Exemplar 'neath the Omniscient eye,
The right he ever chose,
And shunned the wrong, unswayed by friends or foes

And Peace and Plenty reigned —
Still reign to bless the brave and free;
While Equal Rights, endeared, maintained,
Have linked in harmony
The kindred States, which stretch from sea to sea.

How vain the lofty tower,[6]
Though reared to heaven by giant hand,
To speak his praise, whose matchless power
Redeemed his native land,
And won him fame that will through time expand!

On Vernon's rugged side,
Where eagles stoop to build the nest,
There let the Hero, with his bride,
In hallowed slumber rest;
His fittest monument the mountain's crest.

O, may the Land that's free
Ne'er fall a prey to to faction's blight;
But, with her glorious history,
Still blend a holier light,
To cheer her sons, and guide them in the right.

Wide as the world is wide,
Shall Freedom's blessings yet extend;
And man, whate'er his clime, confide
In man, as friend in friend,
And pride of power her errors wisely mend!

THE BIRTH OF BEAUTY.

By Nature's hand, though all
  Was made complete;
Still, in her Palace Hall,
  No twinkling feet,
Or graceful form that's tall,
  Or smile that's sweet,
Had yet obeyed her call!—

She felt there was a lack
  Of something more;
A something that should smack
  Of love, and pour
New light on life's dark track;
  Something in store
That she should yet give back.

And so she racked her brain,
And culled sweet flowers;
Tall lilies from the plain,
And from the bowers
Roses, and from the main
Cosmetic powers;
From birds, their sweetest strain.

Combining these, she wrought
A perfect charm;
And gave it grace and thought,
And faith that's calm;
When man the vision caught
In his strong arm,
And claimed it — as he ought!

And blessed his happy lot,
Which now made earth
An Eden — every spot —
Since Beauty's birth;
Whose smile still cheers his cot,
His home and hearth,
An angel — is she not? —

THE STREAM OF TIME.

It rolls in grandeur lone,
The Stream of Time;
And on its shores lie strown
The wrecks of every clime.

Fragments of ancient Art,
Temples and towers;
And tombs that still impart
Lessons of life's brief hours.

Yes, empires proud and vast,
That rose unchecked,
The mightiest of the Past,
Have on that stream been wrecked.

And there at unknown date,
Have perished names,
Renowned of old and great,
Plumed lords and jeweled dames.

And cast, like worthless weeds,
Upon the wave,
There cherished hopes and creeds
Have found a nameless grave!

Yet onward and sublime,
Will ever glide
The silent Stream of Time,
That bears us on its tide!

And we, in turn, shall leave
Sad wrecks behind—
E'en all that we achieve,
All save immortal mind!

THE MORAL HERO.

With heart that trusteth still,
Set high your mark;
And, though with human ill,
The warfare may be dark,
Resolve to conquer — and you will!

Resolve, then onward press,
Fearless and true;
Believe it — Heaven will bless
The brave — and still renew
Your faith and hope, e'en in distress!

Press on, nor stay to ask
For friendship's aid;
Deign not to wear the mask,
Nor wield a coward's blade,
But still persist, though hard the task.

Rest not—inglorious rest
Unnerves the man;
Struggle—'tis God's behest!
Fill up life's little span
With God-like deeds—it is the test—

Test of the high-born soul,
And lofty aim;
The test in History's scroll
Of every honored name!
None but the brave shall win the goal.

Go act the hero's part,
And, in the strife,
Strike with the hero's heart,
For liberty and life!—
Ay, strike for truth; preserve her chart.

Her chart, unstained, preserve;
'Twill guide you right;
Press on, and never swerve,
But keep your armor bright,
And struggle still, with firmer nerve.

Error must fall at last,
It is ordained;—
Old creeds are crumbling fast,
But ere the victory's gained,
Heroes must strike—the die is cast!

What though the tempest rage,
Buffet the sea!
Where duty calls, engage;
And ever strive to be
The moral Hero of the Age!

HAUNTS OF CHILDHOOD.

Though dear to me are Western charms,
Rivers and lakes with outstretched arms,
And prairies broad and free;
Yet dearer still my Native Land,
Her mountains, vales, and ocean strand,
With old tried friends to grasp my hand,
And welcome me!

O, give me back New England's hills,
Her daisied meads, and trouted rills,
And mountain air, once more;
The land where churches lift their spires,
And bosoms glow with chastened fires;
The land God gave our Pilgrim sires,
In days of yore!

Yet mine 'tis not, undimmed, to find
The hearth where glowed affections kind,
'Mid hopes too bright for tears;
Those purer joys, which thrilled my breast,
And gave to life its sweetest zest —
With her whose lip, maternal, blest
Mine earliest years!

Still unassailed by ruthless hand,
O, let that dear old mansion stand,
Though strangers tread its hearth;
And spare that elm, unbowed, unbroke,
Which still survives the lightning's stroke,
Crowning the hill, where curls the smoke,
As at my birth!

Not far away, 'mid hillocks green,
The lettered stone, moss-grown, that's seen
Nodding o'er sacred dust,
Brings back to me the faded past,
A mother's love, and kiss — the last —
With lessons kind, to which, steadfast,
I cling and trust.

With lingering step and heart sincere,
There let me drop the filial tear —
In tears still seek relief!
Like ocean's surge that restless heaves,
My days roll on, yet memory weaves
Her twilight o'er the past, and leaves
A balm for grief!

Though mine's a grief no balm can heal,
I love old memories, and still feel
Their magic o'er me flung; —
But list; from steepled church, I hear
The old town clock, deep-toned and clear,
That knells the hours from year to year,
With iron tongue!

And there, adown the vale, I see
A noisy group, low roof and tree;
The spot to which I hied,
In summer's heat and winter's snow,
A satcheled lad, who cared to know
Little of books, nor much I trow
That's wise beside!

There glides the brook, whose flowery bank
Was oft the scene of many a prank,
And feat attained at school;
And, like a spectre, near the hill,
There stands the same old clicking mill,
Where many an idle urchin still
Disturbs the pool!

A truant there, beneath the spray,
How oft I've angled all the day,
Or gathered pebbles rare;
Ay, waded half-way to the chin,
To build the crib, and drive them in,
The startled brood, with silver fin,
Shy of the snare!

When woods were tinged with Autumn's hue,
Oft o'er the hills I've brushed the dew,
Ere flashed the morning sun,
In search of treasures shaken down
By wind and frost — nuts, white and brown;
Or sought, in chase of game, renown,
With mimic gun!

Around those haunts I loved so well,
When but a child, there breathes a spell,
A spell that charms me yet;
The stately elm, 'neath which I played,
The frowning steep, and wizard glade,
And more than all, the wild cascade,
With jewels set.

And yet there is one hallowed shrine,
Around which holier memories twine,
Twine with a name that's dear;
The name of one that's sainted now,
The nymph, who heard mine earliest vow,
With moistened eye and sunny brow,
And listening ear!

But where are now those happy years,
Too blest to last, which time endears,
And faithful hearts embalm?
Those years, the mirthful, and the free,
Alas! are lost for aye to me —
Lost in the Past, the dark Dead Sea,
Where all is calm!

Yet o'er that sea will ever flow
Heart-touching whispers, sweet and low,
Ay, sanctified to him
Who loves the past, yet hails afar
The seraph, Hope, on azure car,
Bearing her lamp, a twinkling star,
Twinkling, though dim!

WHO IS SHE?

O THEY say she's the Belle of the town;
If you doubt it, I'll wage you a crown
That ere long you will rue it!
When you meet her, beware! for she can,
If she choose, charm a sensible man,
'Tis so pleasant to do it!

With the blush of the rose on her cheek,
She affects to be modest and meek,
Ay, I fear you will rue it;
With the lightning of her dark blue eye,
She has slain her thousands very nigh,
'Tis so pleasant to do it!

When she flings to the zephyr the fold
Of her scarf, with its purple and gold,
O, gaze not, or you'll rue it!

Like a seraph just dropped from the skies,
She flutters — to attract roving eyes,
'Tis so pleasant to do it!

You may meet her whenever you please,
At the rout — she's the gem of the squeeze —
But take care, or you'll rue it!
She'll catch you in the web of her smile,
And for mischief she'll tease you awhile,
'Tis so pleasant to do it!

Though enchanting her wit with its spice,
Still her heart is as frigid as ice;
He who weds her will rue it!
So be careful, nor sigh for the bliss,
Yet you may, if you can, steal a kiss,
'Tis so pleasant to do it!

But there's danger in taking a sip
From the dew-drop that moistens her lip,
Who attempts it will rue it!
For in truth she is skilled in her art,
And she boasts when she breaks a brave heart,
'Tis so pleasant to do it!

She delights to be weaving a snare,
And to feast on the breath of despair;
Who disputes it will rue it!
Let her flirt till as old as her Aunt,
And then let her wish to wed — and *can't*,
'Tis so *pleasant* to do it!

THE VOYAGER.

When burst that thrilling cry
Of "land-ho!" on the voyager's ear,
With what delight his anxious eye
Beheld the shadowy mountains lie
Far in the distance, dim, yet clear!

A world before him lay
In all its beauty and its prime;
With fearless step he led the way,
And knelt on shore, and blessed the day,
The most eventful of his time.

Freely that golden Land,
Which gave a tint to all his dreams,
Yielded to him, with heart and hand,
Her empire vast, from strand to strand,
With all her wealth of hills and streams.

But Nature's children, then,
Dreamed not of woes which time revealed;
They saw but gods in Europe's men,
And still revered them—even when
Their fate had been forever sealed!

And yet that wiser Power,
Who guides the destiny of man,
Had willed a brighter, happier hour,
To cheer the gloom, which seemed to lower
In darkness o'er his moral plan.

And with the years which came,
There came brave men, whose valor won
For Freedom's Land a glorious name;
And on whose altar burns the flame
That erst inspired a Washington!

Intenser let it burn—
The flame that still inspires the free;
Till man the rights of man shall learn,
And every land become, in turn,
A glorious land of liberty!

THE REALM OF THOUGHT.

He hails afar, with ardent gaze,
That castled realm in air;
And dreaming still of golden days,
He sees an angel there!

An angel stooping in her flight,
Who wears a saintly smile;
And she is crowned with gems of light,
And flowers of fairy isle.

And, with a sceptre in her hand,
And love that sways her breast,
She holds the gazer at command,
And waits to make him blest.

Yet round that realm there flames a wall
No mortal foot has scaled;
Nor through its gleaming turrets tall
Has tempest ever wailed!

A place of holy rest it seems—
A palace built for souls;
Great souls, that realize their dreams,
'Mid light that boundless rolls.

'Tis there, within that Realm of Thought,
All beautiful and vast,
That wisdom—infinite—is taught,
And mind itself re-cast!

VIOLETS.

When Winter departs, how pleasant a thing
To greet the violets that herald the Spring,
The sweet-blushing daughters of light,
Who sip from the silver cups of the dew
The nectar of heaven, with a smile for you,
And a smile for me, angelic and true,
And dear to the heart that is right!

With many a hallowed, yet magical thought,
Dreamy and pure as the stars ever wrought
In their sinless dwellings at eve,
On the violet's calm and innocent breast,
Fragrant with airs from the land of the blest,
There slumbers a spirit taking its rest,
That never was born to deceive.

'Tis the love that smiles in the violet's eye,
When mirrored in light it looks to the sky,
With its trusting bosom exposed;
Yet meekly recoils, in its own sweet way,
When it meets the gaze of the gairish day,
Sweet as the maiden, retiring to pray,
For him, on whose faith she reposed.

Stoop to the violets, and read in their eyes
How pleasant it is to look to the skies,
With a trust which none can debar;
And learn there's a love that reads, in a tear,
The woes of the heart, and calms every fear;
While beyond the dark vale, silent and drear,
It points you to Bethlehem's star!

WHAT IS LIFE?

Life! 'tis a chase,
Amid dreams that entrance,
After phantoms that dance,
After fame — a mere chance;
'Tis a wild chase!

Life! 'tis a chase
After pleasures that fly,
Still leaving us to sigh,
With a tear in our eye;
'Tis a sad chase!

Life! 'tis a chase,
'Mid the shadows of night;
And though led by the light
Of a star that is bright,
'Tis a blind chase!

Life! 'tis a chase,
Till the spirit hath cast
Its mantle to the Past,
And is folded at last
In God's embrace.

THE FAR WEST.

O WHERE, think ye, is now the West?
The far, far West, the land of dreams,
Whose hills and vales, with virgin breast,
Still slumber in their ancient rest,
Lulled by the voice of plaintive streams!

From Mexico, where airs are bland,
To Oregon's impetuous flood,
Already vale and mountain land
Resound to that advancing band,
Who proudly boast of Yankee blood!

Nor distant is the day, perchance,
When yet these sons of valiant sires
Shall win their way, by love or lance,
To sunnier climes, and e'en advance
Beyond the Equator's solar fires.

Thus race to race must ever yield,
And mental power assume the sway;
Broad as the earth the ample field,
For those who trust in virtue's shield,
And Freedom's banner dare display.

The far, far West, 'tis Freedom's now,
The gift of God to earth's opprest,
The land where all, who take the vow
No more to king or priest to bow,
May come, and find their wrongs redrest.

Ay, there shall happy millions yet
Reclaim the soil, and crowd the mart;
Freemen, who thrive by toil and sweat,
Sprinkling the waste with cities, set
On hill and plain, like gems of Art.

And there shall thought yet fly afar
Along the wire, from climes remote,
And blend with thought, like star with star,
While startling rolls the frantic car,
And bannered glides the gallant boat.

And there, unawed, the mind of man,
Progressive still, shall still aspire;
Nor yield to creeds that fear to scan
The mystic lore of Nature's plan,
But still, insatiate, aim the higher!

In sooth, it needs no prophet's eye,
Westward to Ocean's calmer surge,
To see the future there outvie
The ancient world, whose glories lie
Pillared on Time's receding verge!

O what, when centuries have rolled,
Will be this mighty Western Land?
Her sons — will they be brave and bold,
And still defend her banner's fold?
Her holy altars — will they stand?

The link that binds the Sisterhood,
Say, will it brighten and grow strong,
And men bear rule, the great and good,
Who shun dissension, strife and blood,
Yet cleave to right, nor yield to wrong?

Fear not! with holier influence yet,
The years shall come which God ordains;
When Freedom's bounds shall not be set,
Nor man his fellow man forget,
In blind pursuit of sordid gains!

VERNAL WHISPERS.

Born of the blushing Spring,
Lo, Joy replumes his azure wing!
With radiant locks the hours advance,
And violets wake from winter's trance,
While Beauty smiles with sunny glance,
And birds ecstatic sing.

Against a sky serene,
The quiet mountains seem to lean;
While valleys woo, with pure delight,
The genial sun and dews of night,
And Hope, with buds of promise bright,
Embroiders all the scene.

The sunshine and the showers
Restore to earth her bosom flowers—

The queenly rose that's virgin-lipped,
The lily that in gold is dipped,
The honey-bell that's oftenest sipped,
And thyme that never towers.

And now, from mantled hill,
And cradled vale, and gushing rill,
There breathes a music, sweet and long,
Which melts the soul, like sacred song,
And purifies the heart that's wrong,
The whisper, small and still!

O catch, with listening ear,
The vernal whispers of the year,
Whose breath, like hope, revives the heart,
And bids us act a nobler part—
Nor leave behind a faithless chart,
When Autumn's leaf is sere!

GIVE US LIGHT

Ay, give us light, more light to cheer
Our footsteps onward still;
Welcome the star, whose bright career
Doth fling o'er vale and hill
Light—more Light!

Methinks I hear the toiling mass,
Who sweat to pamper pride,
Whisper with murmuring lips, "Alas!
And why are we denied
Light—more Light?"

O list! how like the startling wave
That breaks on ocean's shore,
The voice that wakes the mental slave,
Who hardly dares implore
Light—more Light!

True men are they, with lips unsealed,
Men of unfettered mind,
Who seek the light, as 'tis revealed,
In Nature's teachings kind,
Light—more Light!

While Truth her glorious banner waves
From high celestial walls,
Strong men will rise, e'en from their graves,
To catch the light that falls!—
Light—more Light!

WARREN'S APPEAL.

[AT BUNKER HILL.]

COMRADES! they come,
The invaders, fierce and strong;
Hear ye that trump and drum?
They come to do us wrong!
Shall we to tyrant power succumb?

No!—calm and still,
Await the advancing foe;
And then, with iron will,
Deal death at every blow,
And wrap in lurid flame the Hill!

Forsake it not—
That standard of the free!

Nor let dishonor blot
Its matchless chivalry;
Where'er it waves, defend the spot!

Our country — wives
And children — the strong ties
That bind us, hearts and lives,
Demand that we despise
Danger and death, while hope survives!

Rather than yield,
Let us resolve to die
Upon the battle-field,
Trusting to God on high,
Who is our buckler and our shield!

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Go trace, O man, thine emanation far
Beyond the bounds of earth; the eldest star
May be thy junior! Ask, nor dare to scan
What was, ere uncreated Mind began—
Yet unbegun—when heaven itself was dark,
When all was void, and life's ethereal spark
Remained unstruck; nor gaze beyond the verge,
Where thought expires, and silence breathes a dirge!

And yet, in search of truth, why not explore
Divinest realms—the depths of Nature's lore—
Her prone affinities—and plastic forms—
The atom's shape—and vital spark that warms
Insensate clay to life—and e'en that part
Which cannot die, the moral sense, the heart?

Whate'er our future fate, remote or near,
Why cherish still a faith that's born of fear?
Or why that crisis view with solemn awe,
The expiring hour ordained by Nature's law—
Man's last yet glorious birth to life that's higher,
Where love abounds, and pure his soul's desire?

And is it not enough for us to know
That Nature wills our weal, but ne'er our wo?
Then why refuse, amid unclouded light,
To read her lessons, and to choose the right;
Or why still ask, beyond this vale of tears,
If man be blest, or sink the waif of years?
Since life, whate'er its form, whate'er its sphere,
Survives all change, nor stays its bright career.

This planet, Earth, whereon we strive and die,
Compared with mightier orbs that gem the sky,
What is it—but a sunbeam's floating mote?
And what, among the spheres, its lowly note?
And what are systems, with their central sun,
But chandeliers, which He, the viewless One,
Suspends in space, to light His Palace Halls,
And hallowed Courts, that glow with sapphire walls;

The final Home, where weary souls shall rest,
And taste but bliss, and be forever blest!

When earth recedes, and this frail life is o'er,
Say, will our thoughts survive, and evermore
Compose what's called the soul? and yet do these
Same thoughts originate just as we please?
Or can we think thoughts not our own, and think
No more? and must we die, and final sink
For one vile thought, which mental laws procure
To pass the mind? of this, what creed is sure?
And where are now those thoughts, forgotten all,
Which once were ours, but which we ne'er recall?
Exist they, still combined, or scattered hence?
Do they enjoy—or suffer? have they sense?—
And are we conscious of their present state?
If not, what matters it, whate'er their fate?
And yet the good man's hopes are sacred ties,
Which never break, connecting earth and skies.

Still what is man, with ever-wavering trust,
What but a breathing miracle of dust—
A puzzle to himself—o'er which he sighs,
And questions God, yet thinks himself as wise!

Aspiring still, at most, what can he know
Of life not yet revealed, 'mid stars that glow?
Though his an Eden once, it soon became
A scene of tears—and sin acquired a name;
But not till crowned with flowers, and at his side
Angelic woman smiled, and blushed a bride!

Though erst to subtle words Eve lent an ear,
What woman lists not, when there's news to hear?
The tempter's arguments, though fraught with guile,
Why should she sift, or doubt his winning smile?
In nice moralities, through want of skill,
Why dream of aught that in itself was ill?
The child of Nature, artless and sincere,
Why not still cling to him she held most dear,
And ever strive, as woman ever should,
To please her chosen lord, and seek his good?

She deemed it fair—that interdicted tree—
And craved its fruit; to test its quality,
She ate—and man was doomed to endless woe;
A truth than fiction stranger still, I trow!
And since 'twas but an apple—only one—
That hung matured, and reddened in the sun,

Adam partook, nor does it seem absurd;
Who now that lives, would doubt an angel's word?
Enough, since man was blest, when fatal lore
Touched woman's heart with sorrow to the core,
And placed her, in her present sphere, alone,
To cheer the fallen state with love's sweet tone!

Though heirs to grief, we struggle to regain
The treasures of the sky; but ah! the strain
Which Hope, the Siren, still pours forth, misleads
The frantic chase, nor soothes the heart that bleeds;
And yet like shadows, aimless, still we flit,
Perplexed with doubts, nor learn that ills befit,
On earth, our dark career! 'Tis sweet to think,
That we may yet be blest, while link by link,
In Nature's chain, we climb, and dimly trace
Our destiny, and seize, as if by grace,
E'en on celestial joys; though oft we quake,
'Mid ghostly fears, and wisdom's path forsake!

When Nature counseleth the heart, we hear
Reproving whispers; conscience, or a tear,
Perhaps, betrays us to ourselves; and then
The world, its pride, its pomp, its fools, its men,

Pass huddled in review — a painful scene,
That sickens life! 'Tis all in vain, I ween,
To ponder o'er the fate of human kind;
All would be happy, yet all will be blind.

Ah, why do men still seek it as a prize,
The happiness which dazzles envious eyes;
And yet forget the source of moral good,
The charities of life — least understood?
Why penetrate the mountain's rocky side
For crumbs of gold, or track the ocean wide
To gather pearls, and, at some future day,
Expect to bask beneath the sunny ray
Of earthly bliss; yet die at last the slaves
Of folly's reign — and fill forgotten graves?

Forbear the human bosom to unmask,
The passions prompt us, whatsoe'er we ask;
And virtue's path, though traced upon a chart,
We seldom choose, till grief refines the heart.
Yet Hope links Heaven and earth, and thus, despite
The human will — unerring Nature's light
Constrains belief, and teaches that the soul
Must be immortal; nor can aught control

This innate sense. Alas! who would persuade
Himself, by dint of lore, or logic staid,
That dark annihilation, cheerless creed,
Engulfs us all at last — then blots the deed!

Though man may seem, with his restricted powers,
The victim still of fortune's freakish hours;
Yet rule he may — and overrule — by thought
Which still expands, till he himself is wrought
To more than man! And when, at last, the breath,
Which he inhales at birth, departs at death,
He but attains to life — a soul refined,
That's merged again in elemental Mind;
And yet, though bred beneath a genial sky,
How few have learned to live, or learned to die!

Say, what and where the mystic realms, which teem
With shadows, pictured in the passing dream
Of life — the joys and sorrows of the heart —
When, from the scenes that mock us, we depart,
And rest with patriarchs, and yield to earth
The gift she gave — all but our moral worth?

Who will, may ever seek, yet never find
The blest abode which still enchants his mind;

And yet, in thought that's pure, in love and truth,
The just still live — live in immortal youth —
The heritage which still remains, when all
That man calls power, has failed to disenthrall
His spirit of its weight of silvery years,
Or wipe, from sightless eyes, life's last sad tears!

Oft from the darkened past, as from an urn,
The memories dear of those we loved return,
And tell of days, and years, and feeling hearts,
When friendship knew but truth, and love no arts;
When joys were pure, and in life's golden sky
No darkling cloud arose to blind the eye;
When hope, with smiling brow, inspired the hours,
And earth but seemed a paradise of flowers.

When we retrace the dark career of man,
How oft, to fancy's eye, the shadowy van
Of heroes, sages, seers, and warriors brave,
Repeople earth, and seem to tread the grave
Of their own dust, and re-enact the part
They bore in human strife; yet leave no chart,
By which we still may trace, from Asia's plain,
Their distant march, or learn where fell the slain!

Amid the gloom of years old empires rest,
And who can say if they were cursed, or blest?
The monuments which told, with lettered trust,
Where slept the great, have crumbled into dust!
Perchance the clods, on which we heedless tread,
Have breathed with life — the ashes of the dead —
Ashes, which yet shall wake to conscious life,
And, in the great advancing drama's strife,
Assume, with new-born joy and purer heart,
Still higher forms, and play a nobler part!
And yet why doubt, or yield to mystic fear?
What Nature wills, God wills, a truth that's clear!

THE BACHELOR'S REQUEST.

Give me the heart that's pure and warm,
Whose virtues constant shine;
Give me the soul that's nobly great,
Yet melts in grief with mine.

Give me the rosy, blushing cheek,
The lip without a stain;
Give me the meekly pensive eye,
Whose flash thrills every vein.

Give me the sweet, responsive smile,
Love's sympathy refined;
Give me an angel's graceful form,
An angel's sinless mind.

Ay, give me nature, spirit, fire,
A gem of brilliant ray,
In one, who heeds my every wish,
Though absolute her sway!

Give me but woman thus endowed,
Whose jewels virtues are,
And I will worship, like a saint,
So beautiful a star!

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

Hovering o'er Erie's waters blue,
War-ships equipped are seen,
Bearing a bold and hostile crew,
Led by the Charlotte Queen;
With ready guns and courage true,
On pride of power they lean!

With stately pomp and snowy wing,
And pennons fluttering gay,
In battle line, they seem to fling
Defiance on their way;
Nor dream of woes an hour may bring
When comes the fearful fray!

Lo! Perry now that fleet descries,
And, like a tempest dire,

'Neath stars and stripes, and favoring skies,
Assails with sheeted fire
The haughty foe, who dared despise
The Yankees—and their ire!

And now, as maddening volleys rave,
Though Perry's Flag-ship reels,
'Neath fire and smoke, with hand to save,
From ship to ship he steals;
And now the fate of Britons brave
With one broadside he seals!—

And now their decks are crimsoned o'er,
Swept by that iron hail;
And as the last gun boomed to shore,
'Mid shouts and saddening wail,
Glad news to anxious hearts it bore,
Afar on every gale!

Honor to him, who fought to break
The grasp of sceptred pride;
The Hero, whose brave deeds awake,
Within the heart's glad tide,
Proud memories, now with Erie's Lake,
And Perry's name allied!

HER LAST ADIEU.

Adieu to him, who loved me not,
Whose vow was insincere;
The past—oh, let it be forgot—
With all on earth that's dear!

The Silent Land—it is my home—
And there I soon shall rest,
Where sorrows never, never come,
With sighs to heave the breast.

Adieu to earth! when I am laid
Within the narrow cell,
Let words and funeral pomp be stayed,
Nor strike the funeral bell!

Enough — if but a friend be nigh,
To fling upon my bier
A rose that's tinted with the sky,
Or shed for me a tear!

THE AGED BEGGAR.

I saw him, with locks of gray,
And trembling limb,
Still groping his weary way;
His eye was dim.

He thought of his home afar,
And skyward gazed,
And clearly saw a bright star
That o'er him blazed.

And gazing, as through a cloud,
In silent prayer,
He said, as he passed the crowd,
"I'm almost there!"

Still wandering, he asked for bread,
  But hardly dare
Expect it — and reverent said,
  "I'm almost there!"—

But the crowd heeded him not,
  Nor lent an ear;
And the Beggar died forgot,
  Nor fell a tear!

How few of the world's great mass
  A thought have given
To the lone and tried, who pass
  From earth to heaven!

LAURA.

The moment his leave he had taken,
She flew from the parlor in haste,
Nervous as an aspen that's shaken,
With a secret much to her taste.
"Oh, what is the matter, my dear,"
Cried the mother, pale with affright,
And Laura began to look queer—
And to stammer, blushing outright!

"Frank asked me—I did not expect it—
The *question!*—I thought I should faint!
Such an offer—can I reject it?—
'Tis enough to puzzle a saint!
How shall I determine his case?
'Tis true, that I love him too well;

But they say that I've a sweet face;
You know I'm considered the belle!

"Besides, there are forty or more
With whom it is pleasant to flirt;
And they all profess to adore —
Would kiss e'en the hem of my skirt!
After all — oh, what's to be done?
I declare I hardly can speak;
I'll tell him I thought him in fun,
When he calls to see me next week!

"But I fear that never will do —
His manner was frank and sincere;
An answer that's candid is due,
And yet it will cost me a tear!
Let me think — I think I'll say *No* —
With Harry I love to play chess;
Yet my hand were I to bestow,
A fopling it never should bless!

"As to Frank, I'll treat him the same,
And perhaps I'll wed him at last;

But to me the married seem tame,
And the smitten, oh dear! how fast!
While yet in the morning of life,
I'll still be a butterfly gay;
When I choose, I'll then be a wife,
Dozens I might marry to-day!"

And then, with a toss of her head,
She made up her mind in a hurry;
Frank called — and began to look red —
Yet Laura, although in a flurry,
Received him, of course, with a smile;
Then talked of the last evening's rout;
But Frank, after listening awhile,
Resolved to remove the last doubt!

But still she persisted in talking
Of the rout, the fashions, the dance;
While Frank, as he rose to be walking,
Still lingered, half lost in a trance;
When, wreathing her lip to say *No* —
Somehow, with exquisite address,
She softened the word in its flow,
And, lisping, replied to him — "*Yes!*"

TRUSTING TO NATURE.

Alone, at hush of night,
Go forth, and in the light,
While yet the stars to earth unveil
Their beauty, kneel, ere hope shall fail!

Yes, all your sorrows cast
Back on the darkened past,
And, meek, at Nature's hallowed shrine,
Invoke her aid — and smile divine.

And in her sacred word,
Too seldom read or heard,
Confide with an unfaltering trust,
And learn that all her laws are just.

Her stern commands obey,
And for her guidance pray,
And wait the change, the second birth,
When sorrow's reign shall cease on earth.

The birth that lifts the soul
To realms where anthems roll,
And all the kindred ties of time
Are lost in boundless love sublime!

CUBA.

(WRITTEN IN 1858.)

Isle of a summer sea,
  Fragrant with Eden's flowers,
God meant thee to be free,
  And wills thee to be *ours!*

The blood of generous hearts
  Has freely drenched thy soil;
That blood but strength imparts,
  Which tyrants cannot foil!

Within thy fair retreat,
  'Mid victory and flame,
Thy sons shall yet repeat
  Huzzas in Freedom's name!

Yes, where his ashes rest
  Whose eye revealed a world,
From towers and mountain crest,
  Our flag shall be unfurled!

In truth, it is but just
  That Freedom's hand should hold,
Confided to her trust,
  The key to lands of gold!

SUMMER.

Lo! Summer serenely advances,
Clad in the raiment of the sun;
While the zephyrs weave their light dances
In the vales where rivulets run;
And notes from the woodland soothingly steal
The heart that is wounded—never to heal!

When alone—in the sylvan bower—
Communion with Nature how sweet!
Her whispers and smiles have the power,
Amid flowers that gem her retreat,
To recall the bright visions which have flown,
And wake in the soul a heaven of its own.

Though Summer, ere long, with her pleasures
Must yield to the cold winter blast,
And we, who are fed from the treasures
Of her breast, all perish at last;
Yet Hope, still prophetic, points to the sky
Of the future, with a bright sparkling eye.

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

Now falling, falling from the sky,
There comes a pleasant strain,
That lights with joy the floweret's eye,
The music of the rain.

And falling, falling on the roof,
And on the window pane,
It breathes of love that needs no proof,
The music of the rain.

And falling, falling down in showers,
It cheers the waving grain,
And gives delight to summer hours,
The music of the rain.

And falling, falling in its mirth,
It wakes to life again
The fainting world of lovely birth,
The music of the rain.

And falling, falling sweet and low,
It falls on hill and plain,
And speeds the rills that dancing flow,
The music of the rain.

And falling, falling from the eaves,
It mingles its refrain
With his, who waits to gather sheaves,
The music of the rain.

And falling, falling far and near,
It never falls in vain;
O welcome then, with heart sincere,
The music of the rain!

HEREAFTER.

Alas! how fearful—silent—vast,
The dim and shadowy realm,
Where undisputed reigns the Past,
And voiceless waves o'erwhelm,
In dark oblivion's darker tide,
All that we are, with all our pride,
Lost in the dread Hereafter!

And will there be no whisper heard,
No voices, kind and sweet;
No tender heart-string, touched or stirred;
No love that is complete,
To soothe the grief that cannot speak;
No faithful friend, tear-eyed and meek;
None in the dread Hereafter?

And will there be no more of earth,
No more of sky and stars;
No hills or vales, or vernal birth
Of flowers, or radiant bars
Of light to break upon the stream,
That bears us onward, like a dream,
On, in the dread Hereafter?

Believe — there is no death for him,
Who lives on earth aright;
He sees no shadows, dark or grim;
For him there is no night —
No last dull sleep — no fearful knell —
No terrors — when he goes to dwell,
There, in the dread Hereafter!

For life and death are but the same —
Phantoms beneath the skies;
And yet the stars with radiant flame
Shall crown the good and wise;
And all that live, though wrapt in fire,
Survive the test, and bless their Sire,
Blest in the dread Hereafter!

ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

With all their virtues plain and stern,
The good old times have sped;
And now the wisdom which we learn,
Turns giddy every head;
And yet 'tis wrong, I ween, to spurn
Our old ancestral dead!

Our Pilgrim sires were taught of God,
And solemn psalms they sung;
They trained their children with the rod,
And witch and wizard hung!
Yet, if they erred—'tis nothing odd—
All err—both old and young!

They earned by toil whate'er they had,
Since Heaven ordained it so;

Nor with the fashions went they mad,
Nor cramped they waist or toe;
Nor like the lily, pale and sad,
Looked every belle and beau!

The girls were taught to spin and weave,
The boys to hold the plow;
'Twas then thought wise—and I believe
As wise it might be now,
If people would their scheming leave,
And live by sweat of brow.

The good old times were good enough,
Though times more polished dawn;
Men then were made of sterner stuff
Than those that now are born;
Though plain they were and somewhat rough,
Yet why their virtues scorn?

In groups that grace the parlor wall,
How pleasant still to see
The dear old portraits, which recall
Our honored ancestry;
Grand-parents, uncles, aunts, and all,
Who danced us on the knee!

Oh yes! I still remember well
My Grandsire's aged look,
The witching tales he deigned to tell,
And how, from sacred Book,
He oft explained why Adam fell,
And man the right forsook!

He used to wear a broad-brimmed hat,
A buckle gemmed each knee;
The old arm-chair in which he sat,
It cheers me still to see;
With powdered wig and queue, all that,
None looked so grave as he.

His was a high and manly brow,
With locks of silver gray;
He ne'er to Britain's pride would bow,
Nor for her king e'en pray;
Nor would he yield, like statesmen now,
His principles for pay!

But strong of limb, and brave at heart,
He swung a brawny arm;

And promptly bore a hero's part
'Mid danger and alarm;
And though oft pierced by sorrow's dart,
His manner still was calm.

He loved to tell his history o'er,
And speak of war's dread crimes,
And laud the deeds he did of yore,
Which beat all modern times!
His worldly goods he left in store,
All heirs could ask, save dimes!

Though poor, he was a patriot true,
Had fought in Freedom's cause;
And all he owed he paid when due,
His debt to Nature's laws;
In fact, from earth have passed but few,
With heart as free from flaws.

If 'midst old graves you choose to tramp,
You still may read in print,
Upon his head-stone, cold and damp,
This brief, yet truthful hint—

"Here lies a man of Nature's stamp,
The coinage of her mint!"—

But what of her, who wore a cap,
And hoop to swell her skirt;
Dear Grandam, who, with many a chap,
When young, inclined to flirt;
And e'en in age, whate'er might hap,
Seemed girlish, prim and pert!

Though seeming gay, she used to read
Her Bible with delight,
And deeply felt that mortals need
God's grace to keep them right;
Always with heart that seemed to bleed,
She said her prayers at night!

She led a life none need despise,
Affectionate and kind;
And under holy guidance wise,
Her duty sought to find;
And oft relieved, with pitying eyes,
The poor, the halt, the blind.

When very old, her length of nose
Hung sword-like o'er her chin;
Yet she was cheerful to life's close,
Though but a shadow thin;
Oft rocked my cradle, I suppose,
And loved to knit and spin.

The most I recollect of her,
Is how she used to try,
With pointed thread, half lost in blur,
To hit her needle's eye;
And though vexations would occur,
She ne'er indulged a sigh.

The good old lady has been dead
Some thirty years at least;
The stone is carved that guards her head,
With cherubs gazing East;
And where she sleeps but few now tread,
The worm has had its feast! —

Uncle, who was an only son,
For riches never toiled;

Though he in youth loved mirth and fun,
And sports that oft recoiled,
Yet what was wrong he aimed to shun,
And ne'er his morals soiled.

But when parental power had lost
O'er him its kind control,
He rarely stopped to count the cost,
The worth of time or soul;
But onward floated, tempest-tost,
Where'er life's wave might roll!

His head with many a vision swam,
The world he longed to see;
Or Greenland's isle, or land of Ham,
It mattered not, so he,
No longer tethered like the lamb,
Could rove, unchecked and free.

Ere twenty-one, most foreign lands
'Tis said that he had seen;
Though fearful still of wedlock's bands,
At forty, as I ween,

He sometimes thought of joining hands;
What did the fellow mean?

However strange, the truth to say,
Love's vow at last he made,
And sealed it, too, one eve in May,
With her who graced the glade;
And ever, from that happy day,
He led a life that's staid.

Whate'er may be by prudes required,
Who join in nuptial state;
He proved the model man desired,
And she the loving mate;
And blest of heaven, they ne'er grew tired
Of "little cares" or great!

But stronger grew the silken tie,
As sped their happy years;
And with their treasures laid on high,
They banished all their fears;
And when at last they came to die,
Were mourned with many tears!—

If half they say of Aunt be true,
Her youthful charms were rare;
Her teeth were pearl, her eyes were blue,
And auburn was her hair;
Her lip a rosebud, bathed in dew,
Her brow, angelic, fair.

Never had maid a prettier hand,
Or daintier foot, than she;
Nor rosier cheek had zephyr fanned
Than hers, as all agree;
Her smile was like a seraph's, bland,
Her footstep, light and free.

With thumb and finger, you would think
Her waist that you could span;
She knew just when 'twould do to wink,
Or smile, behind her fan;
Ay, hers were charms, whose magic link
'Twas hard to break, young man!

She dreamed of one — an idle dream —
Whose look her fancy pleased;

Though but a dream, she did not seem
By his indifference teased;
But clung to hope, till hope's last gleam
Had left her heart diseased!

When rouge supplants the artless rose,
And life's a wintry sea,
None but an ancient maiden knows
How pleasant it must be
To hear a gentleman propose,
And see him bend the knee!

Ah, who can tell with what desire
Aunt wished her years were stayed,
When youth had lost its subtle fire,
And charms began to fade;
And yet she did at last expire
A lily in the shade!—

And thus have all of that dear throng,
Who cheered the ancestral hearth,
When I was young, and love was strong,
And pure as flowers at birth,

Now trod the lonely way that's long,
Nor more will visit earth.

When I return to earth's dull mould,
Perhaps some kindred dear
Will smile to hear my foibles told,
And think my portrait queer;
Nor matters it, if, when unrolled,
Life's record still be clear.

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

Pale wanderer in the azure field,
That blossometh with stars;
Guarding thy breast with silver shield,
Yet hurling silver bars,
Say, why so fickle, in thy round,
Through realms celestial and profound?

And why, with ever-smiling face,
O'er golden pathways lone,
Dost thou at eve delight to chase
Dim shadows, all thine own,
Yet beautiful — and lovely too —
As rosy nymphs that brush the dew?

And why, in thine employ, retain
That archer ever bold,
Who aims at maiden and at swain
His arrows, tipped with gold;
Yet strives to soothe, with winning art,
And holiest vow, the wounded heart?

Empress of love!—'tis ever thine
To wield a magic power,
That's earthly half, and half divine;
And thine the witching hour,
When pledges sweet are often given —
Yet only true — when sealed in heaven!

L. of C.

A CONCEIT.

Old Father Time, with nod sublime,
And hammer in his hand,
Proclaims aloud, as from a cloud,
The sale of sea and land,
With hammer in his hand!

Ask not for grace, but take your place,
And hear him cry the sale;
He speaks in tones that shatter thrones,
Nor lists to those who wail;
Ah, hear him cry the sale!

Before him lies full many a prize,
In rich array displayed;
Yes, all that's dear to mortals here,
Of life, its light, and shade,
In rich array displayed.

He breaks life's spell, nor grieves to sell
Fond hopes to which we cling;
Honor and fame, and wealth and name,
Vain things—what will they bring?
Fond hopes to which we cling!

He spareth naught, not e'en a thought,
Though beautiful and true;
But strikes down all, then flings a pall,
And screens the world from view,
The beautiful and true!—

Nor does he wait at Heaven's high gate,
Nor does he shed a tear;
But breaks the bars and smites the stars,
And dark grows every sphere;
Nor does he shed a tear!—

But doomed now dies, 'neath blacken'd skies,
Remembered never more!
And now, downcast, the silent Past,
In darkness, hides her store;
Remembered never more!

THE OLD CHURCH.

Oh, spare that sacred fane!
It has a wide renown;
And sure ye are insane,
Who wish to pull it down!

Never assail its wall,
Nor sever heart-felt ties;
But oftener still recall
Its teachings, good and wise.

Ah, had I but the power,
I'd stay the violent hand
That dares prostrate its tower;
Oh, let that old Church stand!

But no!—'tis all in vain—
Old Church, thy doom is sealed!
Though tears may fall like rain,
Thy firmest friends must yield!

And yet how sad to see
Thy sacred walls thrown down!
It is a stern decree—
And well deserves a frown.

Yet Sabbath hours will bring
Still back thine organ's peal,
Which gave my spirit wing,
And fired my soul with zeal.

Blest hours, when crowds drew near,
And, at thine altar's side,
Worshiped with hearts sincere,
Nor cherished worldly pride!

Though on thy ruins rise
A prouder pile than thine;
Yet towers, that reach the skies,
Can ne'er restore thy shrine.

Nor they their grief conceal,
Who hear no more thy bell;
Tried friends, who sought thy weal,
And bid thee now farewell!

MONTICELLO.

Seat of the Patriot, Statesman, Sage,
How changed are now thy classic halls!
Proud relic of a sterner Age,
Methinks, still floating o'er thy walls,
Afar on yonder hill, I dimly see
The spangled banner of the brave and free!

And as I gaze with raptured soul,
The vision brightens and grows clear;
And now appears, with pen and scroll,
The hovering spirit of the seer,
Who traced in lines of light his thoughts inspired—
E'en Freedom's creed, with which his soul was fired!

And on his brow, with wreath entwined,
There rests a calm and hallowed light;
A light, that speaks the god-like mind,
Which oft, like fire from mountain height,
Flashed far and wide, and, with electric stroke,
The slumbering tyrants of the world awoke!

The free-born thoughts, which lay concealed
Within his breast, and in his plan,
Begat high hopes, when thus revealed,
And bred a higher faith in man!—
Nor can our Country boast a prouder name,
Than Jefferson's, upon her scroll of fame!

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Lo, the year now retires,
The Old Year, like a monarch from his throne;
And, fated, he sinks, unwept and alone,
To the grave of his sires!

Yet he bears in his hand
A scroll of sweet memories, traced with a tear;
Thoughts which come back to the heart, like a seer,
From the dark Silent Land!

The lessons of his reign
Still let us cherish, though summoned to part
With friends whom we loved, the wealth of the heart,
In the vale of the slain!

'Neath a sky overcast,
We, too, must tread the dark valley in turn;
Thus Destiny yields, prophetic and stern,
All that live, to the Past!

Yet we sigh for the years,
Which hope has begemmed with promises bright,
And wait, though they come not, save with the night
Of the grave, and with tears!

FLOATING ALONG.

On the ocean of life,
With a lovely young wife,
And a bark that is trim and strong,
He departs, while the ray
Of a star lights his way,
Pleasantly, pleasantly, floating along.

I see him, nor forget
That I love him, e'en yet,
Though forsaken I'm left with the throng;
Ah, the promise he made,
In my heart I had laid,
Trustingly, trustingly, floating along!

In the light of a smile,
Let him seek the bright isle,
Where life ever glides like a song;
Yet methinks he will quake
At the cloud in his wake,
Fearfully, fearfully, floating along!

Let him go, let him go,
I'll dismiss every woe;
Indeed, I forgive him the wrong,
Since I now am the bride
Of the knight at my side,
Happily, happily, floating along!

MORE SPACE.

Give Freedom space, more space,
Her proud domain extend;
But ne'er a step retrace —
Her blood-bought soil defend!

Space for the brave, more space,
O'er continent and sea;
Send forth Columbia's race,
Her sons of liberty.

Space for her eaglets, space,
In other climes to soar —
Soar in the sun's bright face,
Heralds from every shore.

Space for her banner, space,
On every breeze to float,
While tyrants trembling trace
Their fate, not far remote!

Space for the slave, more space,
To breathe, and act the man;
Ay, yield him to his place,
Back to his clime and clan.

Give Freedom space, more space;
Her proud domain extend,
But ne'er a step retrace,
For God is Freedom's Friend!

TO A POETESS.

Swan of the sweet and pensive song,
Forgive this proffered lay;
Though envied by a rival throng,
Aspire! and win thy way
To every heart that loves delight.
Traced on the scroll of fame,
Already thine's a name
That, brightening, sheds a stellar light!

Fear not! but trust to bolder wing,
And, in a trackless sky,
Ascend 'mid stars, whose anthems fling
Still back a sweet reply!

Aspire! nor heed the critic's blast,
But still, with many a gem,
Enrich thy diadem —
And pour thy strains, and they shall last.

Yes, warbler of our Western Land,
The destiny is thine,
Among the gifted few to stand,
A favorite of the Nine.
Aspire! and o'er time's ocean tide
Still loftier strike thy lyre;
Strike it, with soul of fire,
To notes that wake a Nation's pride!

TACIT LANGUAGE.

When eye for eye is glancing,
Oft deep emotions rise,
Entwined with thoughts entrancing,
Whose memory never dies!

When sigh for sigh is heaving,
Oft joy with grief is blent;
But when fond hopes are leaving,
How sad the heart's lament!

When smile for smile is lighting
The fair angelic brow,
On lips that seem inviting,
Who would not seal his vow?

When tear for tear is flowing,
Its light full oft reveals
A cherished love that's glowing,
Which still the lip conceals!

When heart for heart is beating,
Its language must be true;
The heart cannot be cheating
That only beats for you!

THE VISIONARY.

A CHILD of genius—born—
Not bred in schools,
He scorns the world's proud scorn,
Though ranked with fools,
And holds a converse that's refined
With Nature, and with Nature's Mind.

Nor does he delve with those
Who delve for gold;
But, rapt in calm repose,
Like seer of old,
He walks with God the stellar deep,
Where tides of light unbounded sweep.

And wonders why were made
The earth and stars,
Whose music rolls, unstayed,
In golden bars;
Nor strives to quench the subtle fire
That wakes his soul to high desire.

Though all that man calls great,
Should he attain,
It would not—could not sate
His burning brain;
For he would reach the source of light,
And share, enthroned, the Almighty's might!

Thus lost in thought that's free,
And manifold,
He ever drifts at sea—
Starless, and bold;
Yet cannot break the imperial seal
Of fate, nor life's dark myth reveal!

THE RAINBOW.

How beautiful to wondering eyes
  The Rainbow's flame,
That spans the earth and tints the skies
  With meaning aim,
Enriched with more than Tyrian dyes!

How, like bright hopes, its glories shine,
  Distant, yet nigh;
Its woven hues, O how divine!
  Though doomed to die
In fitful mood, like hopes of mine.

And yet, within the heavenly gate,
  Its smiles invite
Earth's weary pilgrim, child of fate,
  To share the light
Which death nor gloom can dissipate.

It cheers the faith to which we cling,
Faith in the dream
Of life, and in the hopes that fling
Earthward a gleam
Of heaven, like flash of angel's wing.

Emblem of love and power untold,
It crowns His brow,
Who doth the skies about Him fold,
Keeping His vow,
And promise ever — as of old!

THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

I.

Ah, who recalls the dark unhallowed deeds,
Which mark the sterner ages long gone by,
Nor starts at wrongs o'er which the heart still bleeds,
When despots reigned, and bade their victims die,
And vainly flowed the tear from Pity's eye!—
Though ours an age that's brighter, happier far,
Yet half mankind still bow, they know not why,
To scptred power, or creeds they dare not mar;
Nor yet perceive the light that's flung from Freedom's star!

II.

But why despair? there lives a spark divine
Within man's breast, derived from holier spheres;
And where the moral virtues rear their shrine,
There heart to heart the social tie endears;
While Hope, the rainbow that illumes our years,
Inspires, with loftier aims and nobler zeal,
The faith that's pure, though born of blood and tears,
And nerves the arm to strike, 'mid clashing steel,
For God and truth, though empires to their centres reel!

III.

With smiling brow, and lip that breathes of peace,
From Eden's sheltering bowers, nymph-like, she came,
Nor found a genial clime, until in Greece,
She there of yore acquired a glorious name,
Freedom, whose pilgrimage is still of fame;
And 'neath whose banner heroes fought and bled,
Hurling the tyrants down to dust and shame,
Who scourged the land where erst the Arts were bred,
And where, in glory shrined, repose the mighty dead!—

IV.

In that illustrious age when Athens shown,
And men the powers of earth and air adored,
There breathed a martial spirit, now unknown,
And long, with unclipped wing, that spirit soared,
While human breasts with high resolves were stored,
And valiant deeds were done of great renown!
An age in which mankind preferred the sword,
And heroes strove to cleave stern heroes down,
Nor yet appeased the gods, who swayed by smile or frown.

V.

Then came an age as sparkling as its wine,
With mysteries, which took the form of creeds,
And vows were paid at many an honored shrine,
While passion swayed the heart, and moral weeds,
Like noxious plants that broadcast sow their seeds,
Struck deep in genial soil, and ranklier grew;
Yet gods conversed with men, and Faith, that heeds
The marvelous, believed, howe'er untrue,
The dark responses, which, from unseen lips, she drew!

VI.

Temples, from heights revered, o'erlooked the plain,
And patient Art, endowed with magic powers,
E'en gave to Parian marble life and brain,
And sympathies, which link the circling hours
Of time with classic beauty, and with flowers;
Symbols, which still attract our wondering eyes,
And still recall the listening groves and bowers,
Where sages calmly walked in humble guise,
And held discourse with youth and taught them to be wise.

VII.

And when, at last, the bold, impulsive Greek
Broke from the bounds of templed hills and vales,
He left upon the plain and mountain peak
Of other lands his trace; and on the gales
Sent forth a power which will, till blight assails
The earth, expand, and chasten human thought;
And yet how saddening were the hopeless wails,
Uttered of old, when cruel deeds were wrought,
And tyrants gave command, and faith was sold and bought!

VIII.

Yet he, who aimed at empire, ne'er had dreamed,
When Rome's foundations were by him begun,
What lasting glory o'er him distant streamed,
The while his warlike deeds were nobly done,
And stratagem the Sabine women won! —
But when the city, from her throne of hills,
Beheld her fire-eyed eagles pierce the sun,
She seized on power that does whate'er it wills,
Nor kept her plighted faith, nor heeded human ills.

IX.

Still, in her better days, stern men were bred,
Patriots, who loved their county but too well;
And who, unawed, the flame of freedom fed,
Till Luxury and Vice with conquering spell
Crept in, and fearful woes the state befell!
And yet the Eternal City lives, though shorn
Of ancient power, her name and fame to tell;
While, 'mid her ruins, shadows stalk forlorn,
And point at her degenerate sons, with silent scorn!

X.

Alas! with all his pride, and pomp, and power,
The law of love, nor Greek nor Roman knew;
Though martial glory crowned his triumph hour,
'Mid trophies which attracted public view;
Though oft proclaimed a hero, matchless, too;
'Twas not enough; for his ambition's aim
Still fired his soul, as still the sword he drew;
And thus led on by that enchantress, Fame,
He sought to rank with gods, and craved a deathless name.

XI.

Freedom, whose cradle was the fearful storm,
As ages rolled and darkness slow retired,
Maintained her faith, and with affections warm,
Became at length of holier truths inspired,
And clad in sacred armor never tired;
But still, with frenzied eye and proud disdain,
Repelled her foes, who were of tyrants sired;
Nor from her shield erased the crimson stain,
But wide, and wider still, extended her domain.

XII.

And men grew wiser — better — as the flame
On Freedom's altar burned with clearer light,
And though dark years with darker errors came,
And fierce crusades, with hate and venom'd spite;
Though many a hero, mail-clad, fell in fight;
Yet Christian temples rose to bless the land,
While truth prevailed by force of moral might,
And, as the slumbering fires of faith were fanned,
E'en mitred priest, at last, relaxed his grasping hand!

XIII.

And moral heroes, weaned from mystic fear,
Flung off disguise, and strove with iron will
Their favorite creeds to herald, far and near;
Yet strife begat but strife, with woes that chill
The manliest heart, 'mid scenes of glen and hill,
Where many a martyr, rash in conflict, fell,
And, tinged with crimson, flowed the mountain rill;
And where, 'mid desolation's brooding spell,
The spirit of the past, still ruthless, seems to dwell.

XIV.

'Twas thus, in proudest lands of earlier time,
When Freedom held, at best, imperfect sway,
That seeds were sown, which yet, in every clime,
Will spring to life as dawns the genial day,
When kings retire, and slavish creeds give way!
But when o'er Ocean sailed Genoa's son,
Who then foresaw results? Or who can say
What yet will be to man the blessings won,
When brighter years shall in their destined circles run?

XV.

What though, in later times, the queenly Isle,
That jealous Mistress of the treasured sea,
Assumed an unrelenting power the while,
And bade her subjects bend a suppliant knee;
What though she did not leave opinions free;
There lived stern men, e'en then, an honest few,
Who, taught by conscience, ever scorned to be
The dupes of royal pride; their rights they knew;
Nor would they yield them 'neath their own dear skies of blue.

XVI.

The Puritans, so called, with meaning sneer,
Had struggled long, and daringly, though vain,
Against the sceptre's scourge, nor ceased they here;
For hope had flung her rainbow o'er the main,
And pointed to a land without a stain!—
But still the pure affections of the heart
Endeared to them the mountain and the plain,
Their native clime, from which 'twas hard to part,
And leave their fathers' graves for wilds where terrors start!

XVII.

Yet when relentless wrong hath nerved the arm,
And stirred the soul, and waked the spirit there,
Men break their chains; nor can the tyrant calm
The rising storm, or curb the brave, who dare
Defend their dearest rights with bosoms bare!—
How blest the world, when tyranny shall yield
To stern reform—and all the nations share
A purer faith—and trusting in the shield
Of virtue, see a manhood, nobler yet, revealed!

XVIII.

The Pilgrims now convened on ocean's strand,
And knelt to Heaven, yet lingered long to gaze
On friends and skies they loved, like Israel's band,
Whose pathway was the sea in ancient days.
The parting hour had come!—beneath the blaze
Of Autumn's sun, they bade a last farewell
To Britain's Isle, and launched, without amaze,
Upon the billowy deep, where dangers dwell,
And spread their sails to winds that sighed o'er ocean's swell.

XIX.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"
Destined to glow within a broader sky,
And flash with light, which yet shall fling its ray
Afar o'er earth's domain where shadows lie,
Inspiring joy and hope that will not die!—
Yes, with a faith which gave them faith in man,
Heroes upon that star now fixed their eye,
And, in the future, saw the God-like plan,
Which God himself had traced, as on they led the van!

XX.

Hope gave them cheer, and "waved her golden hair,"
Onward the voyagers plowed the trackless sea,
'Mid storm and tempest and the lightning's glare,
Resolved to bend to none but God the knee;
And after many days, they joyed to see
Columbia's hills—nor yielded to the shock,
When woodlands rang with shouts of savage glee;
But calm and trustful still, that Pilgrim flock
Now disembarked, and consecrated Plymouth Rock!

XXI.

The Rock, that's firmly planted by the sea,
Prescribing bounds where proudest waves are stayed,
The land-mark, which was set to Liberty,
When earth's foundations broad and deep were laid;
The Rock, on which erst stepped the Pilgrim maid,[7]
Who led the way with smiles that ever cheer;
The spot, that's guarded still by Freedom's blade,
Where oft the patriot drops a grateful tear,
And breathes the honored names of those who slumber near!

XXII.

Names that will live when centuries depart,
And still in moral virtue faith inspire,
And back to many a patriot's throbbing heart,
Respond with balmy lip, as child to sire,
Waking within the soul the hallowed fire
That ever prompts the brave, who dare reclaim
Their heaven-born rights, despite the tyrant's ire!
'Twas here the Pilgrims reared, with purest aim,
Altars to God, and lit them up with Freedom's flame!

XXIII.

And here their homes, the wilds which they beheld;
Their temple's space, the earth and open air;
Their sacred groves, the mystic pines unfelled,
Their solemn rites, the fervent heart-felt prayer;
Enough for them — so Israel's God were there!
When thoughts are pure, and Nature silent reigns,
How blest the hour released from toil and care;
An hour when angels breathe diviner strains,
And listening earth rejoices through her wide domains.

XXIV.

But when the Pilgrim's steel had rashly spilt
The red-man's blood, 'twas then that fires were lit
On mountain peaks, and hearts that never wilt,
Or yield to tears, were roused to deeds unwrit;
'Twas then that dusky warriors, plumed, did sit
In council, and their rights and wrongs recount,
And, in their rage, with brows indignant knit,
Resolve to drive, beyond the farthest mount,
The intruders on their soil, or drain life's crimson fount!

XXV.

Though girt with forests, and a mountain chain,
Whose slopes and glens, and secret caverns dark,
Had ever been the red-man's wild domain,
The Pilgrims clung to Hope's expiring spark,
And struggled with their foes, and set the mark
Of empire there on ocean's circling strand;
And like the chosen few, who left the Ark,
Went forth to scatter blessings through the land,
And rear the tree of Liberty, with fostering hand.

XXVI.

True to their faith, the Puritans were bold,
And breathed a spirit which is destined yet
To sway the world, and truths still new unfold,
Commingling elements that ne'er have met,
And prompting thoughts the world will not forget—
Great thoughts, and doctrines, too, of human right;
For they were men, who broke, without regret,
Through ancient barriers, gifted with a might
That none can crush, yet guided by celestial light.

XXVII.

When Freedom, plumed for glory's bright career,
Had been restrained, there woke a quenchless flame;
And men stood forth, unawed by taunt or sneer,
Who sought the battle-field, and won a name
That will not die—a proud immortal fame!
Dread days! when rallying trump and drum were heard,
And traitors bore, like Cain, the mark of shame
Upon their brows—when Britain's ire was stirred,
And e'en the patriot's hope seemed hopelessly deferred!

XXVIII.

Yet sentiments that flashed from patriot pen,
Startled the world, and vexed the royal ear,
And, like a message sent from heaven to men,
Illumed in eyes "unused to weep" the tear;
The immortal scroll, which freemen still revere,
And all mankind respect—a trust that's thine,
And mine; betray it not, nor yield to fear;
But still make Freedom's cause a cause divine,
And ever pure shall burn the flame that lights her shrine.

XXIX.

'Twas in those days, that men of iron nerve
Proved to the world their courage and their worth;
And they were men, whom threats nor gold could swerve
From duty—Nature's noblemen by birth—
Who, in defense of life and cherished hearth,
And altars burning bright with sacred fires,
Poured out their blood upon the crimsoned earth,
A free libation to their high desires,
And love of right, which, in the true heart, ne'er expires!

XXX.

And though but few, yet resolute and strong,
Our banded sires withstood the invading foe,
And, 'neath their country's banner, struggled long,
Led on through varied scenes of blood and woe,
'Mid battle-smoke and cannon's fiery glow,
By him whose gallant deeds were ne'er outdone,
And who, at Yorktown, struck the final blow!
Glorious as great, the triumph which was won,
For Man, for Freedom, and the Land of Washington!

XXXI.

Resplendent as the flame that cleaves the cloud,
Thy banner yet shall flash in every sky,
Columbia!—yes, as fearless and as proud,
As were their sires, thy sons, when foes are nigh,
And conflict comes, shall win the field, or die!
Sunward thine eagle still shall wing his flight,
And tyrants read their doom with bitter sigh,
While Honor, Glory, Fame, with magic might,
Shall ever fling upon thy brow a hallowed light!

XXXII.

No brighter name than thine has yet been found
In History's scroll; none brighter will be writ.
Though kings to empire born, may still be crowned,
Whose "rights divine" ne'er gave them worth or wit,
Nor e'en that sense of right, which makes man fit
To govern man; yet, armed with virtue's shield,
While human hearts in holier ties are knit,
Still worthier men than kings will rise, and wield
A juster sway on earth than has been yet revealed!

XXXIII.

Land of the free! the destiny that's thine
Who can predict — or who that lives e'en dream?
And where shall Freedom fix her boundary line,
In that good time when holier light shall gleam
As if from heaven, and with its kindling beam
Illuminate the dark, uncultured mind,
Wherever found? though bright the future seem,
Yet errors born of ignorance that's blind,
Insidious still, will still perchance mislead mankind!

XXXIV.

For human weal or woe, sublime the trust
Reposed in those who rule our favored land;
And yet temptations, such as spring from lust
Of power, or love of fame, how few withstand!
How few whose virtues may not be unmanned!
But still there's hope in Freedom's sacred cause,
While firmly leagued the Sisterhood shall stand,
And men bear sway who seek not vain applause,
Nor pander to embittered strife or bloody wars!—

XXXV.

In schools of learning scattered far and wide,
And cherished fanes that skyward lift their spires;
In zeal for truth that's based on virtue's pride,
In brotherhood, and love, and pure desires,
And generous hearts that burn with freedom's fires,
Consist our Country's hope and future weal;
And while we bless the memory of our sires,
For earth's oppressed still let us kindly feel,
And speed the day when none to tyrant power shall kneel.

XXXVI.

Prophetic o'er the dark untrodden hills
Of life, methinks I see a twinkling flame —
The dawning of a star, whose light, God wills,
Shall lead the way, and give the age a name,
When erring man, with high and holy aim,
Shall break the chains of mental tyranny,
Which centuries have forged, and dare reclaim
Himself — and ever rising in degree,
Apply with bolder hand to lore that's locked the key!

XXXVII.

And thus, as creed refined succeeds to creed,
Mankind will learn unfathomed truths divine,
Whose harmonies, like music from the reed,
Breathe but of love; though error's dark design
May still the soul to waywardness incline.
O yes! — believe or not — there is a light
That ever glows, undimmed, whose smile benign
Tints earth and sky, and all of life that's bright,
And e'en reveals to man his destiny and might!

XXXVIII.

It is the light that falls from orient star,
Like Hermon's dew upon the flowers at night;
And while it flings its hallowed ray afar,
Inspires fresh hope, and points the way that's right;
And, with a power that gives to spirit sight,
Unfolds to man the aim of life's career,
And wins the soul to see and feel its might,
And e'en enthrones it in a heavenly sphere,
Where still it seeks expanse, insatiate as when here!

XXXIX.

When Nature speaks, she ever wins the heart
With thought, and eloquence that's unsurpast;
How wise the lessons which she doth impart!—
Ah, when will he whose vices chain him fast,
And whose fond hopes are such as cannot last,
Bow meekly at her shrine, and there receive
The gift that makes life's lot, wherever cast,
The abode of many joys, nor longer grieve,
In chase of dazzling phantoms, which, though won, deceive!

XL.

There is a purity of thought which breathes
Through Nature's works — a spirit ever calm
That whispereth of heaven, and gently wreathes
Devotion's brow with flowers, and pours a balm
That heals the bosom's grief, as if by charm;
And yet the worldling clings to vain desires,
And vainer pomp and pride, which sadly harm
The kindlier sympathies, and quench the fires
That else would melt the soul to love, like music's wires.

XLI.

At starry eve, when all is hushed and lone,
And sainted spirits seem to visit earth;
When leaves are green, and zephyrs sweetly moan
Among the boughs, yet stoop in plaintive mirth,
To kiss the flowerets, bursting into birth;
O then it is that man, 'mid hopes and fears,
With lifted eye, may learn his moral worth,
And trace a Power, whom Nature's self reveres,
Controlling all — the Ancient of Eternal Years!

A PARTICULAR STAR.

O'ER the mountain, the hill and the vale,
When the gems of the night gleam afar;
Say, who turns not with rapture to hail
The smile of a particular star?

Though too fondly of bliss we may dream,
And though sorrows our happiness mar;
Still, who loves not to bask in the beam
Of a bright, yet particular star?

Who, that dwells 'neath the musical spheres,
Chiming low without quaver or bar,
Can resist the sweet smiles, or the tears,
Of a very particular star?

Yes, as pure as the smile in the sky,
When the morning appears on her car,
Is the light that sparkles in the eye
Of a dear, yet *particular* star!

10

INNOCENCE.

How can a soul of sinless ray,
Now breathing love, incline to stray,
Or need to be forgiven?
O Innocence! with laughing eyes,
Thou art a cherub from the skies,
A wanderer from heaven.

Ha! gentle spirit, gift divine,
There's nectar on those lips of thine—
And sweet the kiss I've won!
There dwells no dew, on proffered lip,
That's pure, like that on thine, to sip,
On loveliest woman's, none!

With heart sincere, while it shall beat,
May violets spring beneath thy feet,
And roses crown thy youth;
And when to womanhood attained,
Still may thy graces be unfeigned,
Thy friendship, love and truth!

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

'Tis Freedom's day, awake, awake,
And sound in lofty strains
The patriot's praise, who dared to break
A tyrant's galling chains!
From realms of bliss, ye sainted brave,
Columbia's joys behold;
Smile on the land ye bled to save,
And strike your harps of gold.

'Tis Freedom's day, arise, arise,
Ye patriots, sire and son,
Exalt the Hero and the wise,
The name of Washington;

The victor, who in triumph trod
Where waved the royal crest,
And won those rights, the gift of God,
Which make a Nation blest!

'Tis Freedom's day, rejoice, rejoice,
And 'neath her banner's flame,
With feast and song, and cannon's voice,
The rights of man proclaim!
Jehovah gave our fathers rest
From Britain's iron scourge;
He gave the Hebrews, when opprest,
A land beyond the surge!

SYMPATHIES.

I LOVE to think that spirits dwell
Upon the earth — the beautiful, the good,
Whose sympathies are pure, yet understood
By none, save those who feel the spell.

I love to think that in life's vale,
There are ungathered flowers, whose bosoms glow
With silent feeling, and with tender woe,
For him whose hopes, long cherished, fail!

I love to think that still a ray,
Divine like that of hope, will long be felt
By her to whom, in earlier years, I knelt,
The vision of my darkened way!

I love to think that golden hours
Will yet be mine, while here on earth I tread,
Blest hours, when fairer skies will glow o'erhead,
And naught spring 'neath my feet but flowers!

I love to think that I shall meet,
In holier realms, the dear departed few;
Angelic souls — affectionate and true —
Whose last kind words I oft repeat!

THE LORE OF EARTH.

Methinks the Earth a Book,
Sealed up for ages;
Till Science deigned to look
Into its pages,
Searching for truths mistook
By ancient sages.

The volume, sure, was writ
With His own hand,
Whose brow is ever knit
With thought unscanned,
And who, with stars, has lit
The Better Land!

No book hath clearer print,
None richer bound;
All wisdom without stint,
A work profound,
Which gives for every hint
A reason sound;

And fills, with pure desire,
The soul unfed;
And e'en reveals, entire,
The primal dead,
Baptized in molten fire,
At periods dread;

Footprints, where birds have trod;
Burnt hills and dells,
Once clad with mould and sod;
And ferns, and shells,
And pines, whose plumes did nod
In sea-like swells;

And dark unfathomed lakes,
Where, far and wide,
Monsters, that seemed mistakes,
Swollen with pride,

Were wrecked, amid earthquakes,
On death's dark tide;

And mastodons, that sank
In valleys deep,
Where they too deeply drank,
And fell asleep,
When man assumed his rank,
Too proud to creep!

Ah! who that still aspires
Earth's lore to read,
Can find, in prophet sires,
All man doth need
To sate enlarged desires,
Or fix his creed?

He dwells in every flower,
In every place,
Who crowns with life each hour,
And gives it grace,
And bids us trace His power,
Still face to face!

MAN.

Say, what is man? to ask — how vain!
His footsteps on death's brink;
Lo! on his brow there rests a stain,
And darkness broods his last domain,
Where all affrighted sink!

Though formed of earth's unhallowed clay,
How pure his first estate!
Inclined to walk in virtue's way,
He strays the victim of a day —
A moment seals his fate!

Though born a slave, he still is free
To will, to act, to love;
Though blindly linked to destiny,
He still is lord of land and sea,
His spirit's home above.

Whate'er his creed, 'tis still denied!
Yes, oft for conscience' sake,
The dupe of dark, fanatic pride,
Hath spilled a brother's blood, or died
A martyr at the stake.

Alas! condemned to toil and care,
Allied to earth's cold sod,
Man lives to grope in doubt, despair,
And die at last, perhaps to share
The attributes of God!

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Ho! for the ride, the jolly sleigh-ride,
And the heart that kindly swells,
Brimming with mirth to the silver chime
Of the merry, merry bells.

Over the hills and over the plains,
And across the haunted dells,
O cheer the steeds to the silver chime
Of the merry, merry bells.

And jeweled with frost still swifter fly
To the Hall where pleasure dwells,
Led by the stars to the silver chime
Of the merry, merry bells.

And to music there chase the gay hours,
Until morn the night dispels,
Then home return to the silver chime
Of the merry, merry bells.

And at parting, whisper, if you will,
Softly, what nobody tells —
And imprint it — to the silver chime
Of the merry, merry bells!

Ho! for the ride, the jolly sleigh-ride,
And the heart that kindly swells,
Brimming with mirth to the silver chime
Of the merry, merry bells.

HIS LAST LETTER.

DEAREST! a word, though words are vain;
'Twas fate's decree
That bade us part, nor broke the chain
Whose magic link enthralls my brain;
Remember me!

The lilied vale and clovered hill,
The beechen tree,
And willow drooping o'er the rill,
How oft we sought — I seek them still;
Remember me!

Have you forgot that happy hour,
Its mirth and glee,
When last we sat beneath the bower,
And I presented you a flower? —
Remember me!

'Twas then we pledged both heart and hand,
And can it be
We ne'er shall at the altar stand,
To seal that pledge and promise bland?
Remember me!

Though years have passed, yet still sincere
I bend the knee,
And ask of Heaven, with many a tear,
To guide you safe through life's career;
Remember me!

Whate'er my fate — whate'er my lot
On life's dark sea;
Though Nature sink, and be forgot,
Believe — I will forget you not —
Remember me!

HUMAN HEARTS.

The wise of olden time, the good, the great,
Who ne'er were schooled in creed or psalter,
Believed what Nature taught; yet men, of late,
Believe — they know not what — and falter!
The striving elements are foes by fate,
And, darkly passive, all things alter;
While human hearts, like mysteries, appear,
Who reads them well, must wipe the falling tear!

Yet generous hearts that feel for others' need,
Still beat to music, sad or golden;
The sands of life run out with anxious speed,
Yet men live on, and still embolden
Themselves to do base deeds for which they bleed,
Or sink in death forever holden;

Forgetting and forgot beneath the knoll,
And yet they live — immortal lives the soul.

But ah! how quick the thread of life is spun,
How quick we die and waste to ashes;
And yet we love the world, and heedless run
The race of life, like wave that dashes
Upon the sullen beach — and all is done!
'Tis good to share affliction's lashes,
And thus, by sad experience, sadly learn
How frail our scanty joys this side the urn!

There is a magic in that word *farewell!*
'Tis like a dirge that doth betoken
The parting hour, the bosom's heaving swell,
When holiest feelings are not spoken,
But deeply felt — and this, a tear may tell,
A bursting heart, already broken! —
Oft Beauty smiles to screen her bosom's grief;
Oft tears purloin the heart — a tear's a thief!

Yet woman is of heaven the goodliest gift,
The first inspiring theme of poet;

'Tis woman's very soul — it is her drift —
Beloved — to love in turn — I know it!
Her merits all must praise, nor dare to sift,
Her eye persuades, when tears o'erflow it!
She is the true redeeming charm of life —
An angel, always kindest, when a wife!

There is a language in the purling brook,
And smiling flower, that's linked with reason.
In Nature, all is truth — in every nook —
Through land and sea, through time and season,
And yet man's heart is but a mystic book,
In which are writ deceit and treason,
And secret things, which God alone can know,
Intentions dark, and fearful deeds of woe! —

Let him, who would reform the moral world,
Go forth, and gather from the pages
Of Nature's Book the wisdom there unfurled,
And in the sky, and sea that rages,
Search out the hidden truths which lie impearled
Beyond the ken of plodding sages;
And yet how vain his wisdom, and his pelf,
Who ne'er has learned the lesson — "Know Thyself!"

Though earthly joys, like riches on the wing,
Full oft bequeath to us but sorrow;
Yet hope dies not. The soul, that chainless thing,
The mystery of life's dark morrow,
Perchance, is but a breath to which we cling,
Yet cling in vain; but still, why borrow
Imagined ills; or fear that God will mar
His handiwork — or quench a single star!

DEPARTED.

Too pure for earth, too pure for earth,
Thy home the Spirit Land,
Where earth-born flowers unfading smile,
Transferred by angel hand!

Yes, on thy brow, the calm, bright skies
Of heaven their radiance shed;
The gift is thine — an angel's harp —
How blest the early dead!

From sorrow's vale, uncheered and dark,
From tears and vain desires,

While young and sinless thou art freed —
The soul to heaven aspires!

And yet thy name remains entwined
With memories ever dear;
And they, who on thee oft have smiled,
Now smile but through a tear!

THE CLASSIC LAND.

Go shroud thee in the mist of olden time,
Amid the ruins of the Past;
Go tread the templed hills of classic clime,
And list to Patriot Bards, whose songs sublime
Inspired, like peal of trumpet blast,
The mountaineers, and woke the slumbering vales,
Ere Greece was heard to pour her funeral wails!

Though fallen, glorious still, O Greece, thy fate!
Glorious 'neath centuries of night!
For thine the Classic Land, where Science sate,
Of yore, amid the Arts; and where the great,
The good, the wise, who sought the right,
Have reared to Ages, as they fleetly run,
A proud philosophy, surpassed by none!

But where are now thy beautiful, and brave,
Thy temples, gods, and festal games?
Awe-struck, we trace the isles that gem thy wave,
And point to Athens, and revere thy grave!—
Yes, oft repeat thine honored names
Of Heroes — Poets — Orators and Sage —
And feel thine influence still in every Age!

THE CELESTIAL VISITANT.

Like the ray of a lone bright star,
Her spirit oft visits me still,
And brings back the years from afar,
When heart beat to heart with a thrill!

And tinting my dreams with the hue
Of a smile derived from the sky,
She moistens my brow with the dew
Of a tear-drop, warm from her eye!

And sweetly she breathes in my ear
The vow, which I made in my youth;
And with lips still fervid and dear,
She pledges her love and her truth.

And in tones still gentle and kind,
She whispers of joys that are past,—
Of life, with its pleasures refined,
And of love's first dream, and its last!

And arrayed in her bridal flowers,
Though life's early dream hath departed,
Beyond the dark cloud that still lowers,
She awaits me, my own true-hearted!

THE MYSTIC CHART.

Ah, who forgets his youthful day,
Life's morning star of purest ray,
When hopes were high and hearts were gay,
  Beneath that star's bright beam?
Ah, who would not retrace his way,
  And catch the tinted dream?

Though but a dream, its memories cheer
The furrowed brow, and wipe the tear,
While early friendships, ever dear,
  Their plighted faith renew;
And pleasure, from her radiant sphere,
  Bids every care adieu!

Yet where are they, who sped the dance,
When eye met eye with raptured glance,
And hearts were yielding to the trance
  Of Beauty's magic charms;
And vows were made, as if by chance,
  Which Memory still embalms?

But why that fairy throng recall? —
They come — but not to grace the hall;
They come with faded hopes, and all
  The sorrows of the heart! —
Like shadows flitting on the wall,
  They come, and, dim, depart!

And thus, like shadows, come and go
Youth, Manhood, Age — life's joy and woe,
With all on which we here bestow
  Our love and fondest care!
Yet why repine? or seek to know
  The burdens we must bear?

And yet — the final lot of man,
The grand design of Nature's plan,
Her stern decrees; ah, who can scan,

Or learn what lies in store? —
'Tis all we know that life's a span,
And truth a hidden lore!

Hidden from all, who cannot trace
In Nature's works a work of grace;
Nor yet in her illumined face
Behold, with child-like trust,
The smile divine which crowns his race,
Who leads a life that's just!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 9—Mount Vernon.

Breathes of the past, 'tis consecrated ground.

Mount Vernon, consecrated as the Home of Washington, is pleasantly situated in the county of Fairfax, Virginia, on the south bank of the Potomac, and has an elevation of 200 feet above the surface of the river, which at this point is two miles wide.

The old Family Mansion, which crowns the hill, was originally built by Washington's uncle, who gave it the name of "Mount Vernon," in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the British navy.

The engraving, which accompanies this volume, gives, it is believed, the only full and accurate view of Mount Vernon which has as yet been published.

Note 2. Page 10.

Though but a lowly shrine.

The object of the most intense interest to visitors at Mount Vernon is, of course, the "Tomb of Washington." It is situated in a lovely retreat on the hill-side, and though not seen from the river, is suddenly disclosed to view as you ascend the hill from the landing.

This retired, yet hallowed spot, is sprinkled with wild flowers, and

shaded by the dark cedar and the stately oak, and was selected, it is said, by Washington himself, for the purpose to which it has been appropriated. The Tomb is of moderate dimensions, and of plain exterior, constructed of brick, with an iron door of open work, through which you can see, in the interior, two marble sarcophagi, arranged side by side, one of which contains the remains of George Washington, the other those of Martha, his wife.

Note 3. Page 10.

But turn where peers the Hall,
In which the Chieftain dwelt of yore

The Mount Vernon estate still remains much as it was in the days of Washington. With a view to its preservation, it has recently been purchased by an Association. It should belong to the Nation.

Note 4. Page 15.

Flung back from hill to hill with wild delight.

Mr. Sparks, in his Life of Washington, remarks in reference to the success of the American arms at the Battle of Trenton, that "the despondency which had weighed heavily on the minds of the people, was dispelled as by a charm, the martial spirit revived, and a new animation infused into the public counsels."

Note 5. Page 16.

But now, from proffered kingly crown,
With scorn he turned away.

A short time before the American army was disbanded, at the close of the Revolution, a Colonel in the service, "of a highly respectable character, and somewhat advanced in age," as the agent of those engaged in the scheme, communicated to General Washington a very flattering proposal to permit himself to be made King over the American people; to which the General indignantly replied in the following characteristic letter, as noble and patriotic in sentiment as it is beautiful in style:

"NEWBURG, 22 May, 1782.

"SIR:

"With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorence, and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

NOTE 6. PAGE 17.

How vain the lofty tower.

Alluding to the "Washington Monument," in the city of Washington.

NOTE 7. PAGE 133—THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

The Rock, on which erst stepped the Pilgrim maid.

Dr. Thacher, in his "History of the Town of Plymouth," states that "The Mayflower having arrived in the harbor from Cape Cod, Mary Chilton entered the first landing boat, and looking forward, exclaimed, 'I will be the first to step on that Rock.' Accordingly, when the boat approached, Mary Chilton was permitted to be the first from the boat who appeared on the Rock."

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